

Completely Revolutionary

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Completely Revolutionary

by [MightBeOrphanedIdk](#)

Summary

Soon, however, with all these experiments, Hange began to notice something even more interesting than physicality. She couldn't explain it into words, none linear at least, but the human and titan seemed to be merging into one another. It was the most interesting and most startling thing she'd noticed, one that immediately caused her to worry despite all her fascination.

It seemed Eren was becoming one with his titan.

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OR:

Eren does titan things by accident, has an identity crisis, and then gets a shovel talk from hange

Notes

dont even talk to me im so embarrassed.... NOT OF THE FANDOM but embarrassingly i have been masterfully binge watching aot again and i forgot how good it was... so here i am... I wanted to write more but i have no clue what to write, this all feels like uncharted territory. NO SPOILERS Im up to S4 i never watched it and i already know eren doesnt exactly do the best things BUT HES MY GOATTT YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTANDDD STAY W ME HEREEE

babe... i told u i needed to get it out of my system... WHATEVER CRINGE CULTURE IS DEAD LET ME LIVE

and as ALWAYS,

Thank you for reading!! :D

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

To be a Titan Shifter is to share a consciousness between two bodies. A human turning into a titan is abandoning humanity, and a titan melting into a human is regaining it, picking up an old memento and falling back into the things it represents. There is a fine line that you dance along, fight along, a fine line that stops the two from merging into each other, two snakes trying to get into the same burrow. True equilibrium stables from a joint goal. When the goals are separate, they fight, two paints blending into each other to create a murky dullness.

That is, at least, what Hange has managed to gather.

It's been a few weeks since Eren Jaeger joined the Survey Corps as part of a slew to take back Wall Maria. Hange, the woman she is, has been wrestling Erwin and Levi, in a manner of speaking, to get her hands on Eren to experiment. When Levi finally clicked his tongue in annoyance and Erwin sighed, averting his gaze, she got to work immediately with figuring out as much as she could about what could be the very key in order to figure out what had happened five years back, during the fall of Shiganshina.

First, she had Eren try to transform without the obnoxious scream. It took a few days of trial and error— Eren can only transform and rip himself from his own flesh so many times— Before he fought the urge completely, rising only with a huff of steam, clenched fists. The vocal rage, travelled from his throat to his body, like the movement of water ripples in a container. Afterwards, she had him perform standard actions— Pick that rock up, look to the that tree, can you understand me, Eren? Ever since he'd— seemingly subconsciously— attacked Mikasa during the recovery of Trost, he hadn't shown signs of losing control like that again.

Soon, however, with all these experiments, Hange began to notice something even more interesting than physicality. She couldn't explain it into words, none linear at least, but the human and titan seemed to be merging into one another. It was the most interesting and most startling thing she'd noticed, one that immediately caused her to worry despite all her fascination.

The first thing she caught onto was the speech.

Eren was speaking a lot less. It had been any other day when her curiosity initially sparked. Eren had spent hours in the sun, 15 metres in the air, practising simple kicks and punches. They'd been near the forest, testing his damage, and for all the steam that had risen and all the painful grunts from the titan, Hange would tell him he did amazing. When Eren would reach the ground again, stumbling around as if unused to his small stature, and Hange would slap her hand on his back, tell him to get some rest before picking it up again tomorrow. He looked at her, unblinking, mouth unmoving, before grunting softly with a nod, stalking off.

She felt Levi was a lot more offended by the notion than Hange, but she held him back— Eren's titan would do the same thing. Obviously he couldn't truly speak as a titan, only roar or show some sort of physical communication, and with how Hange had gotten him to stop roaring so much to prevent attracting unwanted attention, she imagined the two— Eren and

Titan Eren— picked up the habit. Though, at the same time, they had been working for hours on end in the sun. Maybe he was more exhausted than his glare let on.

Then it happened again. Hange was watching him from a distance, notepad in hand as he went around the castle grounds completing his usual chores assigned by Levi, wordless all the while. He lifted things and would falter with how they remained unmoving on the ground, not due to lack of muscle, no, but for lack of trying. Eren would interpret items to be lighter than they actually were, and hence exert less energy— He would always catch on quick to what he did, never spending more than a second confused, but Hange caught on. When Levi walked down to the grounds— Namely deciding to ignore Hange with a grimace, she noticed — to check on Eren, the exchange went rocky.

'Oi, Eren.' Eren had turned his head from the horse feed, staring at Levi. If he was tense in anyway by Levi, he expressed it through the furrowing of his brow. 'The kitchen is filthy— Did you clean it with your eyes closed? Go clean it again.'

Hange's heard this conversation dozens of times, mostly from when Eren was still new and jumpy like a stray cat. He'd jolt, stiffen his body and yell, *"Sorry captain! I'll go fix it up now!"* before rushing off, because all the new recruits acted the same. She listened in more rapt, however, awe glistening in her eyes as Eren did exactly as she had predicted. He looked at Levi, expressionless, before nodding and turning back to the horse feed.

Captain Levi demands respect and loyalty above all else in his squad. Eren, for the time being, was essentially apart of his squad. His expression darkened and he eclipsed over Eren, fist balled. 'Are you looking to die? You answer with your mouth, brat.'

Hange only smiled a little wider with anticipation. How would Eren react, now that he was reminded to speak? Could he speak? Was this a sort of silent protest? Limitless answers and only one would be right.

Eren stiffened— That fearful fawn response— and turned around. Interestingly, he seemed a bit more shocked, lowering the bucket to the ground. Like he'd forgotten he could speak. Like he'd forgotten he wasn't a titan. Levi glared as Eren looked down at himself, then his hands, turning them over. Finally, then, with a small mumble, eyes drawn to his body, 'Got it, Captain. Sorry.' And then he walked off. Levi watched without another word.

Hange was actively watching the two consciousnesses cross over. She was actively watching a human act like a titan, and if she got lucky, a titan acting like a human. Levi had turned around to look at her, scowl ever prevalent on his face. He narrowed his eyes, said nothing more, and turned with a flourish of his cloak to go back into the castle.

The next thing Hange noticed was the fighting.

It was after the new recruits had graduated and joined the Survey Corps. Apparently, most of them were Eren's friends, and the spirit was for once high in recent times. She noticed— Well, honestly it was more of how she'd seen it, considering they weren't trying to hide it— some sort of rivalry between Eren and another in his group— Jean, she recalls. In the middle of the mess hall, eyes magnetise to the rise bout of yelling between Eren and Jean, bickering

about confidence and cowardice or whatever. Mikasa and Armin, the two Hange had noticed gravitated the most to Eren, went on about eating, so she wasn't worried about intervening.

The altercation got physical, exponentially. Moment it did, the mess hall went silent, focussing on the two arguing. Hange could hear her own breathing. Jean made the first move, shoving Eren back, the crowd separating to make room for them. Eren shoved back, and the two began wrestling. Hange's attention by that point had drifted to how Eren fought the Female Titan, how he reflected that as a human, how they could work to improve the technique. Levi grimaced at her, muttering something about how she'd "*evolved from titans to humans*", which she tried not to read too much into. Jean had, at some particular comment about him pissing himself during training, reached forward and grabbed the hem of Eren's shirt, scowling.

Then Eren did the most peculiar thing

He reached behind his head, and covered his nape.

Both hands, like both he and the Female Titan did.

Hange would've screamed if Levi hadn't shoved her spoon in her mouth. Eyes widened and brows rose, but Eren didn't even seem to notice. He squirmed out of — the now increasingly confused— Jean's hold and scowled at him, barking some insult about how he couldn't control his own temper, which in itself was more hypocritical than Hange could dare unpack. But Jean only sneered, snorted out a laugh as he gestured to Eren, looking to the rest of the crowd, waiting for people to agree.

'You can't even control yourself, Jaeger! What're you, titan or human?' Which drew a few chuckles from the crowd, a few uneasy looks. Hange noticed a wince work its way onto Armin's face, and a glare sharpening in Mikasa's eyes.

Jaeger's scowl deepened, just for a second, before he gave pause, finally lowering his hands. He did the same thing he did at the stables, turning them over, gazing at his human body, wordless. A soft *oh* drifted around the mess hall like a phantom, which immediately caught his two friends' attentions. They stood, Mikasa moving to him first, mumbling *are you alright, Eren?* so faint Hange strained to hear it. Eren shifted away, eyes locked onto his hands, like he'd seen a ghost. Jean's sneer fell, but he said nothing to apologise, not as Eren stood there, nor as the latter walked off.

The chatter crept back in with the caution of a deer in crowded forestry, even as Armin followed and Jean pathetically tried to recompense with Mikasa. It was at that point Hange, for maybe the first time, did not find the development very amusing.

The straw on the camel's back was complete dissociation. That is where Hange drew the line between letting Eren try to figure it out to observe and intervening completely.

Eren had come out bleary eyed in the growing hours of the night, yawning and irritable— When wasn't he, fairly—, ready to help Hange out with another experiment. This one, she pointedly acknowledged to him that night, was both a study of the titan's circadian rhythm and its ability to process things Eren would react strongly to. She explicitly told him,

'Remember, Eren, the second you think you want out, get out. Don't feel ashamed to want to avoid rubbing salt into fresh wounds.'

He nodded, a faint smile on his lips, and so the group backed away from him in the open field to give him some space to transform. Armin muttered something to him, with Mikasa nodding, and the two joined Hange behind the rock they'd sought refuge behind. There was only a moment's pause, a silent rise and fall of Eren's shoulders, and the sky lit up orange.

The reason Hange had picked a time so late in the night, especially moonless, was to test if a Titan Shifter fell to the same circumstances as a pure titan— They need sunlight to function, so would the same be for Eren, and by proxy, the Colossal and Armoured Titans? Eren spent a while, under Hange's command, performing menial tasks that they had been for consecutive days by then. Hange delighted when Titan Eren sighed with another look to the left, before having him stand still so she could vault up him with ODM gear.

It was then, sat upon his shoulder— Maybe extremely distracted by the fact that she was *riding the shoulder of a 15 metre titan*—, she talked about the past five years. She discussed the fall of Eren's hometown, the disappearance and mystery regarding his father, anything she could recall that would have some sort of visceral reaction from Eren had he been human. Titan Eren seemed to be comprehending and understanding her words, his eyes narrowing and averting at parts, eventually falling silent.

She'd been halfway through recounting the Trost recovery where he had attacked Mikasa when the shoulder beneath her shook, the air growing hot. Steam hissed from between sharp teeth, slowly turning towards her. In that moment she sat, staring at an eye that held no recognition for her, that Hange truly felt afraid of just what Eren was. He inhaled, prepared to scream, and it was enough for Levi to snatch her off his shoulder and for chaos to break out on the field.

Mikasa stared at Titan Eren swiping at the Levi Squad with what Hange could only describe to be as her reliving the past. When Eren transformed to pick up the boulder, swiping at her like any other pure titan would, it was happening all over again except this time the outburst mattered. Levi said he would kill Eren in the nape if he couldn't get a good angle to cut him out, something he'd made exceptionally clear and something Eren took to heart. This time, they couldn't excuse his behaviour with attacking pure titans or the hole in the wall.

Fortunately, Levi wasn't humanity's greatest weapon for nought, and soon Eren was back to square one being interrogated in a cell, this time with no hands and no feet. He was silent, initially, staring down at his lap as Levi demanded answers for his outburst, and remained still as Armin walked in and sheepishly commanded attention to explain his theory. Eren stared at himself, horrified, and Hange would even say disgusted if she wasn't so concerned already by that point.

Armin's theory is that Eren had two minds within one body— One of a mindless titan, like Sunny and Bean, and one of he himself, a human. It was exactly what Hange had hypothesised. When they share a joint goal, they work with fluidity and uniformity, for example, the battle of Trost when Eren first became a titan. He was dedicated to killing the titans who had caused him so much grief, and the titan version of himself so to speak was dedicated to killing, full stop. That's why Eren as a whole worked so tirelessly and

powerfully that day. When he had to plug up the hole, without engaging in violence, that's when the two versions of him conflicted, which resulted in him punching himself and going still.

'Though,' Armin mumbles, glancing over to his friend, 'I still can't figure out why he went still, rather than act like a normal titan like today.'

'Because I wasn't there.'

Eren's shoulders shake as he looks down on his stumped wrists, scowl building on his maw. 'Back then.. Watching it attack Mikasa.. I wasn't in the titan. I wasn't in Trost. I wasn't even in my own body.' Armin opens his mouth with a died complaint on his lips, but says nothing more than an aborted noise. 'I was home. I was tired—*exhausted*—, watching my mother wash the dishes and my father talk to her, like I was a kid all over again, like— Like it was *normal* again.' His voice begins to break, cracking as tears drop and sizzle on his growing hands, shoulders trembling. Erwin and Levi exchange a glance as Armin calls out for his friend, helplessly clutching the bars.

'Then what happened today, Eren?' Erwin finally stands off of the walls, besides Armin as he stares into the cage. 'What was the catalyst for you to lose control like you did?'

'I—' Eren pauses, sucking in a breath. 'I spent five years agonising over my mother's death. Over how I hated titans, how I wanted to get rid of every last one.' His stumps fly to his head and begin fussing his hair, eyes squeezed shut, dripping more tears, much to Armin's disdain, a panicked look splashing across his face like fire to gasoline. 'I thought I was above it. I thought I could never be like the titans who ruined my life. But now I'm acting more and more like one of them, to the point where I don't even know what I am now, who I am.'

'I'm supposed to kill all the titans, but what do I do when it finally comes to me?'

Hange's solution to this? Currently, she didn't have much to work with.

Titans are convoluted, an entire species she knows almost nothing about, let alone a titan shifter. The only theory she'd come up with with Armin as her assistant was the consciousness one, and even then, that didn't reward with much solutions other than a lazy "Keep trying to control it, you'll get it one day". Hange had tried to propose the idea of allowing Eren to try work it out on his own, perhaps as some kind of self-discovery journey nonsense, but one look from Mikasa had her backing out of the idea. Ackermans.

She found herself completely stumped, honestly. How do you even begin to solve someone's identity crisis when you could never possibly begin to imagine being in their shoes? She'd spent a couple nights wracking her brain and she turned up with little to nothing good, punching a wall that would never break with her fist alone. Hange tried to put together the basics, hoping for some renewed clarity on the situation. They needed Eren to be in full control of his body for when they would inevitably take back Wall Maria— Another hurdle to figure out, hardening—, and not to say he wasn't, physically, but mentally he's all over the place.

His main issue stems from titan behaviours leaking into his human behaviours, right? It's apparent enough that reminding him or pointing out when he does those things will send him off to the deep end, but isn't that the only viable option? To keep pushing the mannerisms out until he stops? Phrasing it like that, Hange isn't so sure anymore. There has to be some other way they could work around the issue without cutting any part of Eren out, because as much as he seems to hate it, that titan is a vital part of him that can't be removed.

Hange thought back to the mess hall incident, and something clicked in her head. Jean's comment seemed to damn Eren more than anything. *What're you, titan or human?*

She called down Eren to the field a few days after the last experiment. Hange watched as he, still rubbing his eyes and mourning sleep, walked over and sat down besides her on the very rock she hid behind, waiting for his transformation. He seemed more unsettled than confused, taking the offered cup of tea. 'Hange? What're you doing?'

'Listen, Eren.' Hange sets the cup down between her crossed legs, watching the steam melt into the cold morning air. 'I am proud of you for your resilience these past weeks. You're doing exceptionally well.'

Eren's smile fades a little bit, and he replies after a quiet noise. 'Thank you, Hange.'

'But you need to know,' Hange continues, turning to him, 'and you need to accept, Eren, that you are not human anymore. You will never be human again, as far as we all know.' Eren's smile fades completely, replaced by a dullness which has Hange rushing to make her next point. 'Though. You are not a titan. You are not one of those mindless monsters out there looking to unknowingly ruin people's lives. You are aware, and you are conscious of yourself as a titan. That separates you from Sunny, and Bean.. and the titan that killed your mother.' She adds after a breath of hesitation.

Eren takes a sip from his cup. His reply is quiet, ashamed as he looks to the sky. The sun is rising. 'Yeah.'

'You are something new, something completely revolutionary for humanity. You are our first glimmer of real, *real* hope, not just some titan shifter.' Abandoning her cup, Hange turns to face Eren, eyes locked on his. It seems to catch him in surprise, as he leans back from her gaze. 'Eren. Your first goal, above all else, should be to come to terms with who you are. That begins with not trying to shut out the other version of you like it's disease.'

Eren's lip trembles, but he nods all the same. 'Got it.'

'I know issues like the one you're facing right now aren't solved with one shovel talk and a moment of privacy,' Hange continues, turning to lean on her arm behind her, 'but I know they help better than most things.'

His voice is a bit more shaky as he continues. 'Thank you, Hange.'

Hange sighs, watching the sun crawl over the edge of the horizon, relief flooding the sky and illuminating the clouds. It really is a beautiful morning— Shame Hange doesn't have many moments of peace, not enough to view these and take in the scenery. The company is nice, though, and she savours each part of the sky that blends colours.

'Don't thank me. Thank yourself for being willing to listen.'

End Notes

This is my first time writing fanfic for anime I realise... I tried to get as close as possible to canon personalities so if im horrendously off please do let me know !! I really wanna fix it and make it good cus this highk sucked sorry guys

Comments, kudos, and criticism are HIGHLY appreciated, they keep me going. Thank you for reading :DD

[my super cool and rad tumblr where i talk about cool things and stuff \(you should follow me i do chapter updates and stuff\)](#)

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